

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Kind Words.

Kind words and smiles are like rays of bright sunshine.
Breaking through hearts that are proud, hard and cold;
They bring their companions bright fairies of gladness
To soothe and to cheer faltering hearts to be bold.

Silently stealing, they peep in our windows;
Slowly we draw back the curtains of night
Till floods of bright rays fill the room all about us,
And bid the sad heart in their radiance be bright.

WILLIAM H. ARNOLD, '83.

ROMULUS AND REMUS;

OR,
The Building of Rome.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE III.

(*The Forum in Alba Longa,—thronged with people. Altar of Mars in front, on which are placed the insignia of royalty. NUMITOR enters from a temple in the centre of the stage, with ROMULUS and REMUS on each side; FAUSTULUS, PLISTINUS, DUBIUS, CELER and attendants follow.*)

NUMITOR.—Ye men of Alba Longa, once again
Am I saluted king among you. He
Who lately ruled has met his fate; and now
We will begin a reign of clemency.
Open the prison doors and set free those
Detained unlawfully, and grant a hearing
To all aggrieved. These noble boys, my heirs,
The sons of Mars and Rhea Sylvia,
Shall learn to govern well ere they inherit
My crown and throne.

ROMULUS and REMUS.—For many years may you
Enjoy them, grandfather!

THE CROWD.—Long live the king!
Long live our Numitor!

NUMITOR.—Now, to the gods,
Who have so wondrously restored me to you,
And have preserved these twins exposed to death,
Through dangers such as mortals ne'er could
brave,

We will return our thanks.

ROMULUS.—But first assume

The insignia of a king, of which so long
Defrauded you have been. See, there they lie—

NUMITOR.—Thou and thy brother have restored
the power,

Thou and thy brother shall replace the crown.

REMUS.—So be it, grandfather. Come, Rom-
ulus!

(*Music, "Marche du Sacre." ROMULUS and REMUS advance, take the crown from the altar, and crown NUMITOR; after which all form in procession and exeunt.*)

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

(*A Hall in the Royal Palace. NUMITOR and DUBIUS.*)

NUMITOR.—What think'st thou, Dubius? Were
my hopes deceived?

DUBIUS.—Your friends, O king, rejoice to see
those hopes

Fulfilled when least expected. Alba Longa
Again is ruled with equity—is free!
But yet—

NUMITOR.—But yet! but yet! 'Tis ever thus!
Why can we not rejoice without alloy?
What is the present grievance? (*A tumult with-
out.*)

DUBIUS.—Hear'st thou not
That tumult in the street? These frequent jars
Between our peaceful townsmen, and the mob
That followed Romulus hither, still increase
In acrimony; and if not appeased
Thy once deliverers will be thy ruin.

NUMITOR.—'Tis true! And yet how difficult the
task,

These various interests to accommodate.
This mob of mountaineers are, as thou say'st,
My true deliverers, without whose aid
Amulius still would hold despotic sway,
And yet they are a rude and boisterous set,
Such as our townsmen cannot look upon
Without dismay. Besides, there is no room.

DUBIUS.—Another city might be built. The
twins

Who led them here to victory shall build it.
Thus shall they, even in thine own life-time,
Be kings, nor wait thy death, but rather thus
Deliver thee a second time from woe.

NUMITOR.—Well thought of, Dubius! And
here they come!

We'll sound them on the matter.

(*Enter ROMULUS and REMUS; CELER, PLISTINUS and others, following.*)

Romulus

And Remus, my beloved sons! my hope!
And all my joy! The offspring of a god,
Yet my own blood, why ask ye no reward?
Ye shall be kings while I do live to see it.
The royal circlet shall those brows surround,
The sceptre by those valiant hands be swayed.

REMUS.—Nay, royal father, such were traitor-
ous guise

For us. One king alone can be obeyed
By one community.

ROMULUS.—Reward enough
For us to see thee seated on the throne,
Dispensing justice, revered by all,
And may a lengthened life be thine, to reign
A king, so wise and so beneficent!
But there are fields still desolate, unclaimed,
Untilled, yet fertile; offering to the plough
A rich reward, where we may make a home
And lead our followers thither: for it seems
The townsmen view them with an evil eye,
And will not brook their stay.

NUMITOR.—My blessing be
Upon the project! Build a city, then,
And reign as kings, and let me see you reign!

REMUS.—The fastnesses that hid our early
years,

Where Faustus concealed us, where we played,
And kept the flocks and herds, and hunted wolves,
And learned to cope with men—This wilderness,
Where seven hills the Tiber's valley bound
Shall be the site of our intended city:
Upon the ample crest of Aventine
We'll lay the first foundation.

ROMULUS.—Brother, nay;
The Palatine is a more pleasing site,
And more commanding. Let us build it there.

NUMITOR.—I do perceive already sprouts the
the seed
Of disagreement. Brothers, be not thus
Divided in your aims, but, in disputes,
Seek from the gods a token of their will.

REMUS.—No mind have I for auguries. Flight
of birds,
Directed where they chance to seek their prey,—
How can this intimate the will Divine?

CELER.—(*To PLISTINUS.*) List to the scoffer.
Will the immortal gods
A preference show to him? The atheist!
Romulus is my king. Him will I follow.

NUMITOR.—Nay, question not, my son, the
ways of those

Who rule above us, or the means by which
They manifest their will. Time-honored custom
Must be our guide in this as other things.

Do thou keep watch upon the Aventine
And Romulus on the Palatine. To whom
The gods shall first send omens of good hap,
Let him decide the choice and all obey:
Thus shall the cause of strife be set aside.

CELER.—(*To PLISTINUS.*) And they will send
them unto Romulus,

The friend and faithful servant of the gods.

PLISTINUS.—Celer, be not too sure, nor bind
thyself

Rashly, by vows of fealty, ere thou know'st
To whom the gods shall give supremacy.

REMUS.—Although I little reck of auguries,
Yet reverence to thee, O king, my father,
Persuades me to this trial; to abide
By the result: whoso shall see the birds
Of omen first shall choose the city's site.

ROMULUS.—The gods shall guide us. Unto
them we leave

Decision in this matter: and if he
Shall be the favored, as it well may chance,
I will in all things be subservient;
So may the gods preserve in peace and love
Our brotherly relationship for aye!

NUMITOR.—This is good feeling, youths! Be
ever thus,

Your private wishes governed by the gods'
Divine monitions. O that thus with me
Had my unhappy brother dwelt a colleague,
Not a usurper! Then no brother's blood
The homes of Alba Longa would defile.
But now we will proclaim unto the throng
The trial sought for by to-morrow's sun. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

(*Night. The Summit of Mount Palatine. Enter ROMULUS, CELER, and FERONIUS.*)

CELER.—And here, O king, shall be thy city;
here

Shall be thy throne; and here thy holy hand
The rod to justice consecrate shall sway.

ROMULUS.—Be not so rash, my Celer, whom
the gods

Shall choose, the builder and the king shall be.
'Tis theirs to choose, 'tis ours but to obey.

Should Remus be their choice, both thou and I
In reverent homage shall salute him king.

CELER.—The gods choose thee, whom all the
people choose—

They choose their worshipper, they choose not
him

Who yields no homage to their power divine—
No sacrifice, no praise—an atheist—

ROMULUS.—Hold, Celer, let me hear no more
of this:

My brother is my friend—my best of friends,—
Whoso reviles him is mine enemy,
And whom the gods shall choose doth not appear
As yet. We wait until the coming morn.
I know thy friendship and thy trusty zeal
Which now outstrips discretion. Be not rash,
But to the will divine prepare to bow.

FERONIUS.—For him and for myself, I will
engage.

Henceforward we will ever be thy friends
And true adherents, whatsoever befall.

And if thy brother thou salute as king,
We, as thy seconders, salute him too;
But only upon thy command. The will
Divine to us is manifest in thee—

In thee—by thee alone. No auguries.
No omens need we but the trusted word

That issues from thy lips, great son of Mars!

ROMULUS.—My friends, ye make me tremble at the weight

Ye place upon my word—my idle breath—
But not ungrateful shall ye find me, if
The reins of power are placed within my hand.
Now leave me, friends, for on this mountain top,
In prayer and meditation, I shall pass
This fateful night alone. The coming morn
Shall see me king of all you multitude,
Or else the faithful subject of a brother
Chosen by heaven to be a greater king.
Then to your rest, my friends, and meet me here
Early to-morrow.

CELER and FERONIUS.—Farewell, then, O king!

Till then, farewell!

CELER.—May the bright queen of night
Smile on thy silent watch!

FERONIUS.—Great Mars himself,

Thy father and thy god, be thy defence!

ROMULUS.—And yours, too, faithful friends!

(*Exeunt CELER and FERONIUS.*)

This night alone (*Reclines on the ground.*)
On Palatine I sit, to wait the will
Of those who know the future and the past,
And to their chosen ones have spoken words
That all would wish to hear. Thus Hercules
The will of Jove attended,—thus did Orpheus
Upon the barren shores of Thrace await
To hear the secrets of those mighty powers
By whom the world is ruled. Thou, great god,
Whose son they call me, listen to my prayer:
Thou seest how the multitude to me
Turn as unto a leader, if 'tis such
That I must be to them, make known thy will
In unmistakable signs, that so my brother
May recognize the will divine, and yield;
Or let me rather gladly yield to him.

(*Soft music.*)

What do I hear? The distant bells of sheep?
Nay, the sheep rest within the fold! And this
Hath flute-like tones of melody. No wind
Is stirring 'mid the reeds. The moon's bright
track

Unruffled on the Tiber shines! Sweet strain!

(*Music louder. ROMULUS sinks to sleep.*)

(*A red star rises, enlarges and opens, whence issues the god Mars.*)

MARS, (*sings:*) Lift thine eyes, O child of Fate,
Founder of the Roman State,
See arise thy destined home,—
See eternal Rome!
See the glories that await
Heroes I shall animate;
See the captives at her gate—
Be eternal, Rome!

(*Vision of the triumph of a Roman general, followed by captives.*)

CHORUS OF ATTENDANT DEMONS:

Be eternal, Rome!

Be eternal, Rome!

Endless glories on thee wait—

Be eternal, Rome!

MARS, (*sings:*) Clash the blade and shake the spear,
Let the nations shriek with fear,

That is music to my ear:

Be eternal, Rome!

See her rivals how they fall—

Trembles each opposing wall—

She supreme shall reign o'er all,

Be eternal, Rome!

(*Vision of the destruction of Carthage. "Delenda est Carthago," in letters of flame above.*)

INVISIBLE CHORUS repeat:

Be eternal, Rome! etc.

MARS, (*sings:*) Throned upon her seven hills,

All the world her glory fills,

Princes to her feet shall come,

Be eternal, Rome!

Goddess, by mankind adored,

Rule with bright, unconquered sword,

Let them own no other Lord,

Be eternal, Rome!

(*Vision of the interior of the Coliseum. The Emperor witnessing a chariot race.*)

INVISIBLE CHORUS repeat:

Be eternal, Rome! etc.

(*Chorus dies away. The figure of Mars fades, and Pax Cœlestis descends.*)

PAX CŒLESTIS } No more of thy cruelty, demon,
(*sings:*) } Of carnage, tormenting mankind:
This city a destiny greater
Than such as thou sing'st shall find:
The home of religion and virtue,
Of truth that shall shine afar.
Then gaze on her glory, young builder,
Through futurity's gates ajar.

(*Vision of St. Peter's, illuminated as for Easter Eve.*)

CHORUS OF MINISTERING SPIRITS:

Yes: lift up thine eyelids, young founder,

Behold the bright vision afar,

Gaze out on futurity's splendor

Through the gates for a moment ajar.

PAX CŒLESTIS } When nation shall rise against nation,
(*sings:*) } When war shall make havoc around,
This city shall be for a refuge,
Her shrines shall be holy ground.
Her ruler to peace still persuading,
His voice shall be welcomed afar;
Then gaze on his features, young builder,
Through futurity's gates ajar.

(*Vision of the Pope Blessing the Assembly Throng, on Easter Sunday.*)

CHORUS OF MINISTERING SPIRITS:

Yes: lift up thine eyelids, young founder, etc.

(*Closed in.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thoughts on Hawthorne.

II

In considering the novels of Hawthorne, we limit ourselves to the five in general circulation, that is, we will consider neither "Fanshawe" nor "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret." The first was the work of a school-boy, an unconscious but wonderfully close imitation of Scott; and of which, ten years ago, there were but four copies in existence. The second should never have been published at all; for, though it bears the mark of the master's hand, it is unfair to put it to the ordinary critical tests.

Of the other five, the "Scarlet Letter," a story of colonial New England, two centuries ago, is the

first in order of composition and merit. The theme of the story is the consequences of a single grievous sin. The moral taught is repentance and confession. When a prominent man commits a great but unsuspected sin, confession seems a necessity; but a public avowal, unless he be racked by remorse to desperation, is more than the ordinary man can accomplish. This difficulty, as Hawthorne recognizes in the "Marble Faun," is met by the confessional, wherein a crime may be declared to a total stranger bound by oath never to violate the confidence. But such a resource was beyond the reach of poor Dimmesdale, who suffers for seven years between his desire to confess, and his sheer inability to do so. And from his very shame another lesson might be drawn. For when a Christian falls, his brethren rather try by silent scorn and coarse rebuke to hurry him on to hell, than by thoughtful charity to turn his face again towards heaven.

The outline, at least, of the story is familiar to us all. A sin has been committed and its consequences fall directly upon three persons. There is Hester Prynne, who has been stationed in the pillory and ordered never to appear again in public without a scarlet letter embroidered on her breast; the minister, whose sin is unsuspected; and, finally, Hester's husband, who, arriving at Salem the day her punishment begins, devotes his life to a tireless search and a terrible revenge. Between the commission of the sin and the death of Dimmesdale seven years elapse, during which time the three change and suffer much. Let us consider each in turn. When Hester emerged from prison, she took up her abode on the outskirts of the town, and, living alone with the memory of her sin, thought and suffered and was tempted much. She suffered much; for of all things the scorn of one's equals and inferiors, if that scorn be deserved, is hard to bear. Harder yet to bear, if they who cast stones at me a sinner are themselves black with sin. Hers was a punishment that renews itself every morning, and grows no lighter with the advance of years. Every time an eye was fastened on the scarlet letter, it seemed to burn it into her flesh. "But sometimes, once in many days, or, perchance, in many months, she felt an eye—a human eye—upon the ignominious brand that seemed to give a momentary relief, as if her agony was shared. The next instant back it all rushed again with still a deeper throb of pain; for in that brief interval she had sinned again. Had Hester sinned alone?" What there be in the thought this quotation contains we would hardly presume to say; it is very similar to that expressed by one of the witches in *Macbeth*. But Hester feared the whisperings of her heart. Contrite for her sin, she took the universal scorn as her proper punishment; trying to believe that she alone had sinned, trying, by acts of mercy to her fellow men, to win for herself the mercy infinite and eternal. But her constant repression, her daily torment, though they chastened her, had still left—in a certain way they had augmented—the passion in her breast.

Her little child was a constant source of annoyance to her. Fantastically weird and precocious, her mother could never understand her character, though recognizing with dread in many of Pearl's wayward moods, her own varying emotions while awaiting the discovery of her sin. She is more elf than child, till her presence at a great tragedy develops the woman in her breast. Her mother's inseparable companion, she figures constantly throughout the story, brightening many a page by her mischievous questions and her elfish acts.

During the seven years, Hester's husband was far from idle; first, compelling her to keep his identity a secret, he had announced himself in the town as Roger Chillingworth, a learned physician. Introduced by his learning to Mr. Dimmesdale, he became his friend and physician, occupying with him the same house. Little by little, his first vague suspicions were strengthened, till he felt convinced that the minister was the father of little Pearl. Then he commenced his fiendish operations. Never revealing his identity or his knowledge, he made the minister suffer the torments of the damned, while he himself, who had been a kind-looking old scholar, seemed to wither up day by day till he resembled the fiend whose work he was performing. How the minister was tortured can be easily guessed when his life and character are known.

Arthur Dimmesdale loved, above all things, truth; and from the moment of his sin was tortured, not so much by remorse for the sin he had committed, as by the injustice of Hester's solitary shame and the terrible lie he was acting every hour of his life. In vain he scourged himself far into the night; his sin knocked at the door of his conscience to demand confession. And the poor wretch tried to confess, but was too weak to do it! Often had he ascended the pulpit and strove to utter the terrible words, but all in vain. And still Chillingworth and his own conscience were keeping him in terrible agony. One night, yielding to a sudden impulse, he left his chamber and glided through the streets until he reached the pillory where Hester Prynne had stood; and as she had been there for three hours once, so he, in turn, would stand there for three hours now. His vigil upon the pillory is one of the most dramatic scenes depicted in any literature. His shriek of anguish, and the danger of discovery it seemed to entail; the passing by of the venerable Father Wilson, and finally, his hysterical laughter responded to by little Pearl, who with her mother, was hurrying home from the death-bed of Winthrop—all are extremely dramatic. But they only lead to the climax. The minister, recognizing Hester and Pearl, bids them ascend the steps and stand with him on the pillory. "But before Dimmesdale had done speaking, a light gleamed far and wide across the muffled sky. . . . The great vault brightened like the dome of an immense lamp. It showed the familiar scene of the street with the distinctness of mid-day, but also with the awfulness that is always imparted to familiar objects by an unaccustomed

light. The wooden houses with their jutting stories and quaint gable-peaks; the doorsteps and thresholds with the early grass springing up about them; the garden plots black with freshly-turned earth; the wheel-track, little worn and even in the market-place margined with green on either side, all were visible, but with a singularity of aspect that seemed to give another moral interpretation to the things of this world than they had ever borne before. And there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart; and there stood Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom; and little Pearl herself a symbol and the connecting link between these two. They stood in the noon of that strange and solemn splendor as if it were the light that is to reveal all secrets, and the day-break that shall unite all who belong to one another." They are discovered by Chillingworth, who, professing to regard the whole thing as a nightmare, leads the minister home. Poor Dimmesdale! His mock confession availed him nothing.

Let us now hurry on to the two concluding scenes. Hester and little Pearl meet the minister in the forest; and, while the child is at play, her parents yield to the perilous freedom of the moment, and, in their frenzy, advance to the brink of a terrible precipice. Hester, seeing that Dimmesdale is slowly dying, urges him to fly, and, moved at once by pity and by love, tells him he shall not go alone. Four days hence they are to sail for England. After leaving the forest, the minister seems to be delivered over to the demon, and only by the strongest effort does he refrain from communicating the most wicked thoughts to everyone he meets. On the day they are to fly, the minister is to deliver his election sermon. Wan, from his continual mortifications, his soul shone through his face, and he seemed to the people like an angel of God; while his sermon was so grandly terrible, it was remembered for many years. The services done, the great crowd throng from the meeting-house, with him pre-eminent in their midst. Hester, with little Pearl, is standing by the pillory, gazing at the crowd. As the people approach, the minister sees her, and, emerging from the crowd, takes her hand, and with little Pearl between them, they mount the block of shame. Then, in a trembling voice, the terrible confession is made; and, tearing aside his vesture, the minister shows a scarlet letter burning on his breast. Then, overcome by shame and suffering, he kisses little Pearl and dies; and by some this last act is supposed to have proceeded from sublime humility, and his memory is more than ever hallowed in their hearts. Chillingworth soon perishes, leaving little Pearl the richest heiress in New England. She and her mother leave the New World, and Pearl is happily married; but Hester Prynne, returning to Salem, resumes the scarlet letter and, working out her penance by deeds of mercy, becomes the good angel of the town.

So ends the story. The objection to the moral that it teaches, we will discuss hereafter. Considered from a literary stand-point, it is nearly

faultless. It contains here and there exaggerated symbolism. Hawthorne was something of a poet, and constantly looking for the relation between images in his mind and certain physical facts; but this relation, if far-fetched, or dwelt on too long, ceases to impress the reader. Then, too, the characters, like nearly all our author's creations, represent principles rather than people. To one attempting to review the book this defect is very striking. Chillingworth, for example, is merely revenge, nothing more; and during the whole story he utters hardly a word. And so for the rest. The characters are well opposed to each other, they are picturesquely arranged and consistent with themselves; but any one considered merely as a creation, is poor. We only notice faults because they are so few. The plot is a complete and original conception. The style throughout is marvellous. Its few faults are on the surface. Perhaps the greatest work in American literature, it is one of the masterpieces of the literature of the world.

"Halfway down a by-street of one of our New England towns stands a rusty wooden house with seven acutely-peaked gables facing towards various points of the compass, and a huge clustered chimney in the midst. The street is Pyncheon Street; the house is the old Pyncheon House, and the elm-tree of wide circumference rooted before the door is known to every town child as the Pyncheon Elm." Thus opens one of the most charming of our author's works which bears the unique title of the "House of the Seven Gables." The house was built in the time of William III, by Colonel Pyncheon, a stern old Puritan, who had wrested it from the heirs of the wizard, Matthew Maule. Old Maule, seeing the Colonel foremost among his persecutors, and guessing at his evil motives, had denounced him on the scaffold, saying, "God will give him blood to drink"; and the Colonel's subsequent sudden death, the tendency among his descendants to apoplexy (indicated by a certain gurgling of the throat), together with certain mesmeric traits hereditary with the Maules, had given rise to constant gossip around the chimney corners of superstitious New England. The nominal theme of the story is the retribution on his descendants, of Col. Pyncheon's sin.

At the time the story opens, the humble Maule family had disappeared, and the sole occupant of the Seven Gables was Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, a forlorn old maid of some sixty summers. Poor old Hepzibah! Homely, simple-hearted, ridiculously proud of her pedigree and the absurd family claims, a total stranger to the world, after sixty years of idleness finds herself so poor that she must either starve or work. To sew, she is not able; her antipathy for children prevents her from teaching, and but one resource remains. She must turn the faces of her ancestors to the wall, and, gaunt, near-sighted, and rheumatic though she be, must start a little store, must come before the public as a penny huckstress, must soil her hands with copper coin. Her suffering on the morning on which the store is opened, her at-

tempts to arrange the paltry stock in a tempting manner, are described with quiet humor and kindly sympathy. So, too, her first day behind the counter. There is first her agony at finding the matter-of-course way in which the world regarded the tragic event of her life. Inflated with family pride, and, though humble at heart, with the contracted egotistical views that years of solitude are apt to engender, she had thought her action would fill the surrounding country with respectful awe. But a conversation overheard between two laborers cut her to the quick. "A glance, a passing word or two, a coarse laugh, and she was doubtless forgotten before they turned the corner. They cared little for her dignity, and *just as little* for her degradation."

Her first customer was a little urchin who rejoiced in the name of Ned Higgins, and who demanded for his cannibalistic palate the world-renowned Jim Crow, immortalized in ginger-bread. The scene with the little fellow is very humorous, reminding one of Dickens. But the majority of her customers were much harder to deal with, and poor Hepzibah had to submit to pity, advice and abuse from her early patrons. In the afternoon, so great was her confusion, she made the most unheard of blunders; and, after a day of labor and pain, she found her repeated mistakes had left no money in the till.

But when Hepzibah has been reduced to utter despair, and the gloomy old house become oppressive, the author relieves one, and throws a gleam of light into the other by the introduction of the country cousin, Phœbe Pyncheon. She is opposed at every point to Hepzibah. Young, bright, cheerful, clever and industrious, in a few hours she had wrought a wondrous change in the old house, and brought order out of the chaos of the store. Shortly after her arrival comes Hepzibah's brother Clifford, upon whom Hawthorne exhausted no little labor.

Her love for him had been the one romance of Hepzibah's life. He had been, when young, a man in whom were blended traits of either sex; one rather to be loved and cherished, than admired; one whom the world did not seem to need, but yet whom it ought, in justice to his nature, to treat with kindness. His distinctive trait had been a passionate love and appreciation of the beautiful, now perforce oftenest displayed by his dislike of ugliness or dissonance. For, while still a young man, he had been unjustly convicted of the murder of a kinsman, and after twenty miserable years in prison was coming back to the old gabled house, coming back to Hepzibah. His mind was now in a torpid condition, though occasionally a flash showed the intellect that had once been bright. A mere child, he had but little gratitude or reasoning affection, and poor Hepzibah and the dusky surroundings of the house filled him with annoyance. And the author, noticing how much easier it was to move him through his sense of the beautiful than through his heart, sees at the bottom of his misfortune a great blessing, for, had he lived free

from affliction, this same sense would have eaten away every affection.

But little Phœbe pleased him much. He longed for the beautiful, and she was very pretty; he was oppressed with gloom, she was light and joyous. Living so long alone, his mind, when active, had lived entirely in the ideal; Phœbe's actuality, her unspoiled naturalness, brought him back to life, restored some health to his diseased mind. But she was not so much an actual fact to him, as an interpretation of what his life should have been; an interpretation which, for the moment, seemed real and present. "This poor, forlorn voyager from the Islands of the Blest, in a frail bark on a tempestuous sea, had been flung by the last mountain wave of his shipwreck into a quiet harbor. There, as he lay more than half lifeless on the strand, the fragrance of an earthly rosebud had come to his nostrils, and, as odors will, summoned up reminiscences or visions of all the living and breathing beauty amid which he should have had his home."

So, too, the Sunday afternoons in the garden, surrounded by plants and flowers, helped to restore health to his soul, helped to reveal the brilliancy of his intellect even in decay. His whole being was like an instrument long-unused, which generally produces painful dissonance, but which will, now and then, yielding to a skillful touch, give forth a strain of exquisite harmony. All remember the scene where the procession is passing the seven-gabled house, and Clifford sees it, "A mighty river of life, massive in its tide and black with mystery, and out of its depths calling to the kindred depths within him"; all remember how the irresistible impulse moves him to leap from the window into the crowd, to link himself again with humankind, to bring himself back by a great shock to intellectual health. His consciousness of his state, and his instinctive efforts to remedy it, are very pathetic. To depict Clifford would be to do what Hawthorne himself almost despaired of doing. He is a wonderful conception;—a conception characteristic of the author, and beautifully developed. Consistently developed, too, for though we leave him surrounded by material advantages, we feel his mind can only be entirely restored by the great destroyer and restorer, Death.

The other characters introduced into the story are, Uncle Vennor, Holgrave, and Judge Pyncheon. Uncle Vennor is the picture of content. A good-natured old sage, who considers going to the work-house as merely "retiring to his farm," where he can spend his days in idleness, with a number of old cronies who have gone before. Holgrave, who, as it afterwards appears, is the descendant of the wizard Maule, is rather a type than a person. He is the sanguine, brainy, radical representative of a large number of young Americans, and is opposed to the two grotesque representatives of ancient gentility. He rents a gable from Hepzibah, and finally marries Phœbe.

Judge Pyncheon is the reproduction, modified to accord with the nineteenth century, of old Col. Pyncheon, builder of the house of the seven gables. A big man, with the passions accompany-

ing gross, animal development; a stern man, whose hot fellness of purpose nothing could avert; a man whose life, by one crime done in youth, and never yet atoned for, had been darkened and made evil. This is his character laid bare; but it is not thus presented to us. The picture is an ironical one, and we are given the Judge as he appears to the generality of mankind; his life, in every way exemplary, and his manners wonderfully courteous; with a "sultry" smile betokening good nature and good will; enjoying wealth, honors, and a deserved reputation as a liberal citizen and a faithful partisan.

And now, let us say a few words about the novel, as a whole. It is by no means an easy task, for the chief charm about the story is one that cannot be expressed; it is like the God-given, ethereal loveliness of a September afternoon. The story is not so rounded and complete as "The Scarlet Letter"; there is no one lesson taught, no one great truth emphasized; but it contains suggestions of various great thoughts. The style is easier than in the "Scarlet Letter," and the descriptions more delicately and carefully drawn. Pertinent criticism could be made on the vagueness of Holgrave's character, and the love of Phoebe and himself, developed in the awful presence of Judge Pyncheon's death; but, on the whole, the work seems almost faultless, with hardly a blemish to mar its exquisite beauty.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Books and Periodicals.

CHARITY AS AN INVESTMENT. Lecture delivered by Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R., in St. Alphonsus' Church, New Orleans.

We acknowledge the receipt of the above and commend it to our readers. Published at the office of *The Morning Star*, New Orleans, La. Price, 10 cents.

THE HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.

By Frederick Pollock. Price 15 cents. J. Fitzgerald. Publisher, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

In the compass of a small volume, the author gives a spirited, and, considering the space at his disposal, a pretty detailed sketch of the development of political ideas from Socrates' day to our own time. The scholar finds in these pages a remarkably clear digest of the classic works of the ancient Greek philosophers, upon the subject of government; while the general reader is enabled to trace distinctly the rise and progress of those principles of political science which, having been more or less fully apprehended by Plato, Aristotle, Dante, Machiavelli, Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau, Burke, etc., in the past, have had a fuller exposition in the works of contemporary philosophers, and in the institutions of modern states.

—*The "Hand-book of Artistic Penmanship,"* by D. T. Ames, 205 Broadway, New York, a 32-page book, contains a number of exercises and designs for flourishing, with some excellent hints for making and copying designs. The second part contains standard and artistic alphabets for letter-

ing which makes this book valuable, not only to penmen but also to draughtsmen, painters, etc. Price, paper, 75 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.

—In the *North American Review* for April, the subject of "Divorce" is treated by the Rev. Dr. Theodore D. Woolsey, and by Judge John A. Jameson. Dr. P. Bender, a Canadian, who has studied to some purpose the political, social and economic conditions of his country, under the title "A Canadian View of Annexation," makes a forcible presentation of the reasons which incline many citizens of the Dominion to regard with favor the idea of absorption by the United States. Senator John A. Logan sets forth the need which exists for "National Aid to Public Schools" in the several states and territories. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby writes of "The Dangerous Classes" that menace the perpetuity of civil order and the peace of the community, meaning the manipulators of corporation stocks and the men who, having amassed enormous wealth, use it for nefarious purposes. James C. Welling, President of the Columbian University, treats of "Race Education," the problem that confronts the philosophic statesman, of the presence in our body politic of a strong Negro contingent. "The Water Supply of Cities" is discussed by Charles F. Wingate; "Ethical Systems," by Prof. F. H. Hedge; "Street Begging," by Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems; and "Criticism and Christianity," by O. B. Frothingham. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

—*St. Nicholas* for April opens in a very seasonable fashion with a frontispiece illustration of George H. Boughton's beautiful picture, "Snow in Spring-time," and some charming springtide verses by Avis Grey, called "The Summons," which are followed by Katharine R. McDowell's April Fool story, entitled "Louis' Little Joke." Edgar Fawcett tells in delightful style a fanciful story, called "The Sad Little Prince," for which R. B. Birch has drawn some characteristic illustrations; and H. H. contributes an interesting sketch of Chinese life on the California Coast, under the title of "A Brave Chinese Baby." Professor Holder contributes an article on "Flying Without Wings," which describes some of the curious ways in which certain gifted animals laugh at Sir Isaac Newton and his attraction of gravitation. A humorous poem that boys will appreciate, is "Bob's Wonderful Bicycle," by E. J. Wheeler: a remarkable machine indeed, if the author is to be believed. From this unique contrivance the boys will turn with interest to the Work and Play Department, where they will learn how De Cost Smith made a paper boat, in which he has rowed two seasons, and how any boy can make a similar one, at an expense of less than seven dollars. Among the other attractions of the number may be mentioned, one of Francis's funny cat pictures; "A new Mother Hubbard," by Eleanor A. Hunter, illustrated by Rose Müller; and contributions by A. G. Plympton, Anna Eichberg, L. D. Brewster, Mary Wager Fisher, and many others.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, March 31, 1883.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the SIXTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it: parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The *Indianapolis Daily Sentinel* of March the 16th republishes entire, from the *South-Bend Tribune*, the communication from a member of Euglossian Society which originally appeared in the SCHOLASTIC. The article is on the editorial page of the *Sentinel*, with an introductory remark expressing surprise that Notre Dame University had been refused any part in the approaching State Oratorical contest. The *South Bend Times* and the *Lafayette Sunday Times* published some scathing remarks on the action of Executive Committee. These papers deserve the thanks of the students of Notre Dame for their prompt and praiseworthy condemnation of the State Executive Committee's high-handed measure. We understand the Oratorical contest will not take place until the 23d of April; therefore the Executive Committee cannot this year put in the plea that our representatives applied too late to be admitted.

—On Tuesday evening, the 27th inst., Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, received the welcome news that on the 12th inst. the members of his Congregation had been permitted to resume the charge of their flourishing College of Ste.-Croix, in the beautiful suburb of Neuilly, Paris, and within sight of the fortifications of the city. The reverend Father received a pressing request to come immediately to Paris and reorganize the celebrated educational institute, which for two years had been nearly lost to the Order. Ste.-Croix had obtained

such repute under the management of the Order of the Holy Cross that in defiance of the unjust persecution of an atheistical Government clique it continued to be patronized by the best families of the capital—and had an average attendance of nearly 400—although since the infamous edict of the 29th of March, 1881, it passed from the personal control of the Fathers of the Holy Cross, and was directed by secular professors engaged by them *ad tempus*.

On hearing of the happy change, Father Sorin immediately telegraphed to New York to secure a passage for himself and Very Rev. Father Rézé, the 1st Assistant Superior-General, for the 4th prox. They intend to leave Notre Dame on Sunday night, and expect to return in time for the Commencement exercises on the 22d of June.

Father Sorin says he undertakes this new trip—his 40th across the Atlantic—with a cheerful heart, although regretting his inability to wait for and accompany the beloved and esteemed Bishop of Fort Wayne, who takes the sea only three weeks later. Another regret which the venerable Superior feels keenly is to be called away when all his attention is centred upon the erection of the famous Dome on the main building of the University, which he calls his crowning task at Notre Dame, but which we fondly hope will be only a part of the crowning work of the revered founder of the University.

As nearly all the arrangements have been made for the prosecution of work on the Dome, some of the materials on the ground, and work already begun, Father Sorin hopes it will be finished before his return. Until the 1st of June his address will be Ste.-Croix, Neuilly, Paris. He would also say that if there is anything he can do for his friends while in Paris—or at Louvain, which place he intends to visit—he will cheerfully attend to it.

We wish Father Sorin and his reverend companion a pleasant trip and a speedy return.

—If the question were proposed, in what does true oratory consist? the answers would probably be as varied as the persons replying to it. There are few things, in fact, upon which opinion is so much divided as public speaking. But this is readily accounted for. Standards and tastes differ; then again people are apt to judge speakers by themselves. A man of shallow mind will be delighted with an effort that one more gifted would consider beneath contempt. Some persons regard only the matter of a speech, others only the form, while others again require a high order of excellence in both. Hence the variety of opinions in regard to oratory and orators. What can be more common than to hear the same discourse spoken of by different persons as “a masterly effort,” or “a rather dull affair”; to hear people say, “The best speech I ever listened to,” or “’Twas pretty good—all I heard of it,” implying that the speaker lacked the power of producing complete wakefulness. Lecturers and preachers are characterized

as eloquent or simply earnest, as grand speakers, or "out-and-out" ranters; as being possessed of a wonderful flow of language, or as long-winded, according to the tastes of their hearers. The audiences that are thrown into ecstasies, as the expression is, by such speakers as Spurgeon would not be apt to be over-attentive to the utterances of such a man as Cardinal Newman. Both are considered great men, orators in the true sense of the word, but by very different sorts of people. Truly, there is no accounting for tastes in anything.

A few years since, a certain American "orator," as people called him, and as he is still spoken of, visited England on a lecturing tour, and it was expected that his success across the water would be as great as it had proved in New York. However, the English people did not admire him at all, and the press ridiculed him so much that he was glad to return home where he was acceptable. Most probably he spoke quite as well abroad as he does here. The failure arose from meeting with audiences over whom he could exercise no sway, whose ideas of public speaking are not in harmony with those prevailing in the United States. It was the same with Bossuet, and Bossuet was an orator such as the world had not seen for over a century. In some cities of his own country he could never be heard often enough; people went wild over him, as the saying is. But it is told that, after he had preached for some time at court, he became tiresome, and one of his auditors went so far as to whisper as he once entered the pulpit, "Dear me! must we always be listening to Bossuet?"

Orators, however, have their moods like musicians: it is unreasonable to expect because one speaks well that he should do so always. On the other hand, audiences, like individuals, are sometimes in a humor to approve, particularly if the opinions expressed are in accordance with theirs; at other times to criticise and find fault. What pleases on one occasion may offend at another. A speaker's name or nationality will often give him a certain right to say things which others would not dare to insinuate.

True oratory, as we conceive it, consists in the power to attract, hold and influence the minds and hearts of multitudes without regard to their tastes, nationality, or intellectual attainments. Orators, in the true sense of the word,—speakers who can always, or almost always, interest and move their hearers, men with power to sway multitudes are exceedingly rare. We hold that orators are *born* no less than poets.

Finding it impossible to answer by letter the inquiries of numerous friends, I take advantage of the columns of the SCHOLASTIC to return my most sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of sympathy and the marks of attention shown during my late illness.

JOSEPH A. LYONS.

Exchanges.

—The erstwhile *St. Mary's College Journal*, of St. Mary's College, Ky., seems to have fallen heir to a large estate, on taking possession of which it has changed its name and taken that of *The St. Mary's Sentinel*. The name indicates a military, or quasi military, condition, from which we infer that the *Sentinel* has taken rank in the army, or, at all events, in the State militia. The uniform is a very neat one, and we have no doubt that our Kentucky friends will try to do honor to their new position. The young Kentuckians look well in their brand new suit. They have our congratulations, and best wishes for their success.

—The *Hesperian Student* has been gradually, but surely, working its way upward, with praiseworthy industry and perseverance. The "Miscellaneous Mention," on the first page, although not, properly speaking, a college department, is becoming popular in leading college papers, and the good judgment of the editors makes it peculiarly interesting in the *Student*. The first item in the current issue, about Hendricks of this State trimming for nomination as next President, can hardly be true. Hendricks' ambition was instrumental in the defeat of his party in this State at the last Presidential election, and he should feel, if he doesn't, that he is politically dead. Ex-Senator McDonald would be a far better candidate, but he has the good sense lacking in Ex-Gov. Hendricks, and, probably, would not allow his name to be used unless compelled to do so.

—*The Lantern* (Ohio State University) takes a firm stand against the resolution of the Trustees for compulsory attendance at the daily chapel exercises. The reason alleged is that the scope and purpose of the institution is education in agricultural and mechanic arts; that, as a State institution, its facilities should be free to all, of any religion or no religion, and that therefore the establishment of a special form of worship is an act of injustice, a tyrannical act to many, inasmuch as absence from such worship will cause the suspension or expulsion of the absentee. *The Lantern*, unlike other of the Agricultural College papers, takes a praiseworthy pride in holding to its original intents and purposes the institution it represents, and has no ambition to see it ape institutions established for a classical education. Nevertheless, *The Lantern* shows itself equal in literary ability—nay, superior to many of the papers above mentioned.

—"Score one for a literary education," says *The Chronicle*. "Last Tuesday seven law students, two of whom had received a collegiate education, were examined for admission to practice in the Supreme Court. The two above mentioned passed, while the other five got 'plucked.'" *The Chronicle* rejoices because it has been decided to lengthen the attendance in the Law department in the University to nine months, instead of six heretofore. "It is useless to discuss the fact," adds the *Chronicle*, "that a thorough knowl-

edge of law cannot be obtained in two years' study of six months each. . . . This step, we hope, is only preparatory to lengthening the course to three years, and requiring a diploma or a thorough examination for entrance." "A Romance of College Journalism," the first two chapters of which are given in this issue of *The Chronicle*, is really excellent so far, so much so that one could wish it could all be given in one number, so thoroughly enjoyable is it,—altogether different from "Co-Ed's" trashy affair which the *Northwestern* thought fit to eulogize. So much for taste without discernment. The current issue of *The Chronicle* is a model one in every respect.

—The *Philosophian Review* draws a graphic picture of that most despicable of people, "The Narrow-minded Man," who is, unfortunately, "found in all the walks of life. He can be recognized under almost any circumstances; he looks with suspicion on everybody and everything; he cannot trust even his own brother. Some one wishes to do him a kindness, but this is soon suspected by him, as he measures everything by the meanness of his own soul. The good acts of mankind cannot live and bloom in his soul; they are soon nipped by the frost of mistrust. A generous feeling never thrills his soul. . . . He is very decided in all his opinions; he never expects to change his decisions, or to have cause to repent of his actions." Yes, narrow-minded men are to be found everywhere, even in colleges, in the editorial boards of college papers, and sometimes they get to be exchange-editors. In the ball-club and debating society the narrow-minded man is the "Kicker" described in the *College Mercury*, always searching for tidbits in his fault-finding, and passing the generous haunch with a look of contempt, while he ravenously devours the pickle; in the boat-club he must be one of the "picked crew,"—whether he can pull an oar decently or not, it is all the same to him. He has no regard for the general good; his mental optic is always on No. 1.

Personal.

—E. Washburn (Com'l), '75, is now in business at Wessington, Dakota Territory.

—Geo. M. Lambin (Com'l), of '76, is with C. L. Elsherd, wholesale druggist, Chicago, Ill.

—W. J. Murphy, Law Class of '75, is editor and proprietor of the Grand Forks *Plain-Dealer*, one of the liveliest papers of North Dakota.

—James B. Patterson (Com'l), '80, now holds a responsible position in the large wholesale grocery of P. H. Kelly & Co., of St. Paul, Minn., and is doing well.

—Frank W. Kavanaugh, of '79, spent Easter at the College. He is now engaged in the real estate and loan business in St. Paul, Minnesota, and, we are informed, is kept busily employed.

—C. A. Lewis (Com'l), '74, is connected with the firm of Snow & Co., cor. Randolph and Dear-

born Sts., Chicago. He says he will be always happy to meet his old friends of Notre Dame.

—George Gross, of '79, writes from his home in Reading, Pa., and sends kind regards to all his old friends. George is meeting with great success in the extensive legal practice he has secured.

—Geo. E. Sugg, '81, is with the Law Firm of Avery & Comstock, Chicago. George was one of the "Staff" during his collegiate days, and, we are glad to say, has every prospect of a bright future.

—Rev. Michael Lauth, C. S. C., of '79, is now assistant at St. Hedwige's (Polish) Church, South Bend, of which the Rev. V. Chezewski, formerly Professor at Notre Dame, is Rector. Father Michael, in his present sphere, has given fresh proof of his aptitude in the acquisition of languages, by the singular mastery which, in a short time, he has acquired over the Polish tongue. He preached his first sermon in Polish on last Sunday, and with great success.

—Cassius M. Proctor, '75, is now the manager of the Telephone Exchanges of Elkhart and Goshen, this State. He was for a long time city and county surveyor at Elkhart, but resigned in order to engage in his present occupation. He is as genial and good-natured as ever, and always happy to meet with his old friends from Notre Dame. His brother Lincoln, of '79, is controlling a large paper manufactory at Elkhart. The friends of both at Notre Dame are glad to hear of the success which attends them.

Local Items.

—"I should extemporize."

—Did you get an Easter card?

—"Who quenched the lights?"

—Big snow-storm last Wednesday.

—No. 2 is being shadowed by three.

—B. says he will now smoke *shadow* cigars.

—"Our funny fellow's" chum is very *morose*.

—That "mustache" attracted no little attention.

—Jim's gestures are said to appropriate the pastry.

—Competitions next week in the Commercial Course.

—Duffy's English opera hat excites the envy of the dudes.

—The pavement of the Seniors' handball alley has been macadamized.

—Great enthusiasm prevailed on last Tuesday when Prof. Lyons called his classes.

—A great contest is being carried on between a quartette of poetic giants. We anxiously await the *denouement*.

—Visitors should be received in the proper place and not where our dandy entertained his friends, last Sunday.

—The sun has ceased shining! Alas, poor B! There is now a *bolt on* that cigar box, and it will henceforth be locked.

—Our little Junior mashers wore blue glasses, last Sunday. They should be interviewed by "old Reliable." Ask Frank.

—Work on the Dome, though, to a great extent, retarded by the condition of the weather, still progresses satisfactorily.

—The "Nimrods" returned from their excursion to the Farm last Monday, with, as they expressed it, "fisherman's luck."

—Very Rev. Father Granger, our esteemed Prefect of Religion, was very sick during the past week, but is now happily convalescent.

—It is expected that Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger will visit Notre Dame during the coming week, when several ordinations will take place.

—The recent warm spell caused many "candy" pants to appear; but one pair, at least, came to grief on Monday, during the game of football.

—As he passed hurriedly through the hall-way, after reciting the "Elegy," he was heard to mutter: "I go, nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!"

—One of the Minims, on being asked how many eggs he ate Sunday morning, answered: "Oh, Pshaw! I could only eat eleven. Have you any apples for me?"

—Another new billiard-table has been added to the Senior Reading-room. Experts—and we have many experts with the cue—say the last is the best in Notre Dame. Now, ye Juniors, look to your laurels!

—Yesterday was the 64th anniversary of the birthday of Rev. John Ford, the respected Superior of St. Aloysius' Home. The reverend gentleman was the recipient of numerous congratulations, to which the SCHOLASTIC begs leave to add its own.

—Thanks to Master Joseph Livingston for an ornamental Slate Tablet, "with compliments of Moses Livingston & Co.," the popular clothiers of South Bend. Ye "local" will find it "a thing of beauty" and utility in his peregrinations in search of an item.

—Enthusiastic meetings were held by the St. Cecilians and Philopatrians on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Addresses of welcome were read to their President, Prof. Lyons; and, with music and declamations, a very agreeable impromptu entertainment was presented.

—The members of the Crescent Club gave an Easter reception last Wednesday night, which was greatly enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to be present. The Professor of Vocal Music expressed himself well pleased with the manner in which the members executed the various Choruses of the evening.

—The dancing-classes are making rapid progress under the instruction of Mr. J. Marlette. The Juniors meet every Tuesday night from 7 to

8, and the Seniors every Monday night from 7.30 to 8.30. As one hour only each week is devoted to instruction in this branch, very little, if any, time is taken away from more serious studies.

—Our friend John is a genius in his way. He surprised his friends last Sunday by showing them, what they supposed to be, a real egg; but which, being pressed by the fingers, immediately became a full-fledged chicken, which, being squeezed, began to crow. This was not all—our friend turned the crowing chicken into an egg again, which he himself could tell from ordinary eggs, only by squeezing it.

—T.'s lecture on the "*Burro*" was a masterly effort. The "Mugletonians" enjoyed themselves hugely, and, at the close of the lecture, presented the humorous lecturer with a beautiful medal, on one side of which was stamped the image of a *burro* ascending a mountain, and on the other, the recipient's name, with suitable engravings. The lecturer thanked his generous friends, and promised to tell them more about his *pets* at the next meeting.

—The ceremonies in the Church on Easter Sunday were carried out with unusual splendor and impressiveness. Very Rev. Father General Sorin was the celebrant of the Mass, with Fathers L'Etournneau and Stöffel as deacon and subdeacon; Mr. J. Irmen acted as Master of Ceremonies. An eloquent sermon on the festival was preached by Rev. President Walsh. The choir, under the direction of Prof. Paul, rendered a grand Cecilian Mass. During the *Offertory* a beautiful *Regina Cæli*, the composition of Prof. Paul, was sung.

—Among the many improvements made in the auditorium of the Music Hall, the introduction of the gas fixtures form a very prominent feature. These, with the exception of the grand chandelier, which is to occupy the centre, have all been placed in position; they include lights throughout the auditorium, foot lights, head lights for the stage, etc. In connection with this subject, we may state that the days of "red fire" are o'er. An immense gas apparatus has been contrived, by which all the pleasing illuminating effects necessary for tableaux, etc., can be produced.

—We gave the author of the following effusion "a last chance" to take it back, otherwise we would publish it. He rejected the offer, and here is the production:—

From Boston City the package came,
'Twas for G. E. C., of Land League fame,
He smole a smile and blinked a blink,
Then tore the wrapper—'twas of color pink—
Musing the while: "I'll bet's a sell
But hold! guess not—it comes from "Nell"
The package 's opened—'tis no canard,
But a bright, rich, handsome Easter Card!

—The first baseball game of the season was played, one day last week, between the "Red Sox," who distinguished themselves so favorably last year, and the "Athletes," whose name alone brings the exciting games of years past to our minds as vividly as though they were of yesterday. The game was warmly contested, the nines tying

at the beginning of the ninth inning. The players were not less excited than the spectators, who hardly breathed. Courtney and Taylor were out on strikes, Schaeffer was at the bat, calling for a *low ball*, which he batted over the hedge and made a home-run, thus winning the game for the "Red Sox." Time, one hour. J. Zeigler, umpire. W. Hanavin and H. Fisher, scorers. Score, 6 to 7.

—The literary reception held by the Columbians on the occasion of their "tin jubilee" was a decided success from every point of view. Speeches and declamations were delivered by Messrs. John Boyle O'Reilly, J. Solon, E. O'Brien, D. Saviers, and G. Clarke. Mr. J. Marlette read a well-written eulogy on the late Father Lemonnier, founder of the Club. The feature of the evening, however, was the readings given from his favorite author by Prof. Stace, a former president of the Club. Music by the Crescent Club Orchestra enlivened the programme, and called forth well-deserved applause. Before the close of the evening a collation was served. Messrs. Pillars, Witwer, Fenlon and Yrisarri, who formed the committee of arrangements, have the thanks of the Club for their successful efforts to entertain the Columbians and their friends.

—He walked gently into our sanctum, carrying a half sheet of note-paper in one hand and his hat in the other; as he approached our desk, his knees trembled and his face paled. Handing us the paper, he remarked that he had written a poem on "Spring," and, thinking it extremely beautiful and touching, he concluded to give the readers of the SCHOLASTIC a literary treat. The first line, he added, is the key-note. Seeing we were unfolding the paper, and anxious to save us the trouble, he quoted his favorite line:

"Come, balmy spring, with flowers and showers"—

We stopped him by reaching for the yard-stick, seeing which he shot like a thunderbolt through the door. 'Tis hard to say what would have been his fate had he continued. Professional punsters are bad enough, but compared with *spring* poets they seem as naught.

—The *Lafayette Sunday Times* has the following regarding the so-called "State Oratorical Association":

... There is an organization in this State called The State Oratorical Association composed of students in Indiana colleges. Purdue University, the State University at Bloomington, Wabash College of Crawfordsville, and Asbury University of Greencastle figure in the Association. They meet once a year at Indianapolis and have a big hurrah. A committee is appointed and it umpires the speaking. It seems that the University of Notre Dame had some oratorical students who wanted to shie their castors into the arena and give the representatives of other colleges a lively whirl for the champion belt. . . . The University of Notre Dame is a Catholic College, which was founded in 1842, is chartered by the Legislature and deservedly ranks among the leading Universities of the United States. Its college buildings are, beyond all question, the finest in the whole world. Why this noble seat of learning should be black balled is something I would like to discover. The reason, I infer, is because the students at Notre Dame, who would be sent to represent the University, would, in all probability, walk off with the bake shop.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ashford, Anderson, Arnold, Black, J. Burke, Browne, Buchanan, Comerford, Call, Clarke, A. Coghlin, W. Coghlin, Conway, Cella, Campbell, Clements, Craig, Chelini, Claffey, Cole, Jas. Delaney, Jno. Delaney, Eisenhauer, T. Flynn, E. Fenlon, T. Fenlon, Fleming, Farrell, Freeze, Fenton, F. Gallagher, Grever, Golonski, Grange, J. Gallagher, Guthrie, Galarnean, Harris, Jones, Johnston, Kane, Kleiber, Keller, Kolars, Kuhn, Kelly, Larkin, T. Lally, Mason, Murphy, Molloy, W. J. McCarthy, W. H. McCarthy, Meyer, McCabe, Monaghan, McErlaine, Mullen, McIntyre, Morse, T. McNamara, J. McNamara, Morris, Martin, Noonan, Newman, Ott, O'Dea, Orchard, O'Connor, O'Neill, Otis, O'Brien, Pour, Parrott, Quinn, Rogers, W. Ryan, T. Ryan, Stull, Stover, Solon, Saviers, G. Smith, Tinley, Thompson, Terrazas, Twohig, Whalen, Warner, Wendel, Yrisarri, Zahm, Zurbuch.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Armijo, Arnold, Brice, Browne, Berthelet, Bacon, Braunsdorf, Curtis, Cassilly, J. Courtney, Cain, Dupke, Darling, Danielson, Dolan, Dorenberg, Dillon, Eisenhauer, H. Foote, M. Foote, Fehr, Fishel, Grothaus, Gerlach, Gandrup, Hagerty, Halligan, J. Henry, W. Henry, Hornaday, Hannavin, Howard, Handy, Hess, Jeannot, Kahmann, Kerndt, Keegan, M. Kelly, Mug, Murphy, McGordon, McDonnell, McCawley, Metz, D. O'Connor, Ohnick, Porter, Rothschild, F. Ryan, Reach, Rhodus, Schott, Schillo, Smith, Schaeffer, Shannon, Stark, Subert, Seegers, Taylor, Terrazas, Violette, Wallace, Waixel, Warren, Zeigler, Livingston.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Colwell, Chaves, Cummings, E. Costigan, Coad, Chirhart, W. Devine, A. Devine, Delaplane, Dungan, Krause, Luther, Landenwich, B. Lindsey, E. McGrath, McPhee, Noonan, Stange, Schmitz, Studebaker, F. Stamm, G. Stamm, Thomas, W. Tomlinson, C. Tomlinson, W. Walsh, Welch.

Class Honors.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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For the Dome.

John Eisenhauer, Huntington, Ind.	\$5.00
Andrew Eisenhauer, " "	5.00
Thomas McNeil, Amboy, Mich.	5.00
A Child of Mary	5.00
Mrs. Haney, Notre Dame, Ind.	5.00
Donations from Various Sources	20.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The name of Miss Margaret Coogan was left out by mistake from among the editresses of the *Lily of the Valley*.

—Very Rev. Father General gave a short instruction on Sunday, preparatory to imparting the Papal Benediction; thus ended a day of great spiritual favors.

—The Repository was neatly decorated, the altar brilliant with lights, and a profusion of rare natural flowers; the singing, especially during the Good Friday service, was solemn and edifying.

—On Easter Sunday Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Shortis, with Rev. Fathers Gleeson and Saulnier as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Gleeson preached on the Gospel and mysteries of the day.

—The new alb worn at the celebration of Mass on Maundy Thursday is the handiwork of a dear invalid Sister, on the same pattern to match the many altar-laces and ornaments which she has embroidered during her long illness.

—Among the visitors of the week were, Mrs. M. A. Stace, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Kate Young, of the Class of '69, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mann, Laporte, Ind.; the Misses Twoomey, Goshen, Ind.; Mrs. Gavan, Lafayette, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schmauss, Rockford, Ill.

—Very Rev. Father General preached on Wednesday evening for the opening of the "Retreat" given to the Catholic pupils. The exercises of the three days were conducted by Rev. Father Gleeson, C. S. C. It must certainly be a source of consolation to their parents to have the assurance that their beloved children had this solid preparation before making their Paschal Communion. The retreat closed after the Communion at early Mass. Their fervor and attention during the exercises must have drawn down many blessings on the dear children. May they rejoice forever in God's kingdom!

—The organist at St. Mary's gratefully acknowledges from her esteemed friend, Mrs. Phelan, the gift of this year's numbers of the "*Echo*," the organ of the American St. Cecilia Society, approved by the Holy Father and the hierarchy of the Church, Edited by Prof. J. Singenberger, published by F. Pustet & Co., 52 Barclay Street, New York. All Catholic choirs should possess this valuable and sure guide to the true spirit of our church music. Many Christians of these days seem to have lost the knowledge that the chaunt is part of her grand liturgy; these may be disabused of their error by a careful perusal of this work, and sing, as well as adore God, in obedience to the ritual.

—On Tuesday, March 20, the regular Art Lecture was given by the Directress of the Art De-

partment, being a continuation of the last, on the events described by Sir Walter Scott, as happening on Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond, which subject naturally led to a more historical account of Scotland's wrongs, the bravery of her highland chieftains, their noble hospitality to friends, or foes, the strength and beautiful imagery in their songs, examples of which were read. Among them were the pleading "*Ave Maria*" as sung by Ellen Douglas to the harp tones of the Seer old Allan Bane, the plaintive "*Cornach*," and that stirring triumphal chorus, "*Roderick vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero*"—songs that will never die, and should be found among the treasured stores of every vocalist. A short sketch was also given of the life of Sir Walter Scott, and the picturesque surroundings of his cherished home at Abbotsford; and, what added to this interesting account, was the reading of extracts from a letter received from an eminent American Prelate, while there, which we have taken the liberty to transcribe here: "Abbotsford. . . . Came here yesterday to visit this classic spot, and was invited by the great granddaughter of Sir Walter to stay and say Mass in their very pretty private chapel, where they have the privilege of keeping the Blessed Sacrament. . . . The present owners of Abbotsford are Lord Herries, English by birth but Scotch by race, and his wife Lady Maxwell Scott Herries, great granddaughter to Sir Walter Scott, both most fervent Catholics. Lady Herries has five sisters, all of them Religious, one in the Isle of Malta. . . . Strange, indeed, that Sir Walter's home should have become so Catholic!" The pupils were also surprised to hear that the large city of Glasgow is furnished by its waterworks with pure water brought 20 miles from the famous Loch Katrine. An embankment has raised its level only, otherwise the grand surroundings are unchanged and its waters flow as serenely as in the days of the Douglas and his clan.

Patience.

"Patience is a virtue!"—and, in my early days, a terribly excellent nurse-maid of a most superior character used to add, "which good little girls ought to possess." I believe this speech, which always seemed something so distressingly personal to my infant mind, was the only grievance I could complain of as regards this woman; but it seemed to me to be grievance enough. Was it not said when roll-dumpling revealed its hidden sweets and I was hungry? or my complicated clothing had to be tied and hooked, and my dearest friend was waiting for me? This patience, virtue though it was, was the burden of my childhood, and, therefore, I suppose, on growing older, I set myself to find instances of its perfect practice if I could. To my youthful fancy it wore a very sober garb, and a worn and suffering face. I looked, but could never find it; other virtues, very like patience, even related to it, presented themselves, but pure

patience herself, never! I was always making out cases, trying to discover examples wherein patience was the real working power, and then left off the search, convinced there was no instance to be found. I grew older, and busy at last in my own place in the world, I forgot my child-fancies, thinking little of patience. Then I made the acquaintance of dear and valued friends, in a very old couple, George and Deborah Knight. They were without exception the most cheerful people I ever saw. The only drawback to my pleasure was that Deborah was stone deaf. My talk, therefore, was with George. But she liked to see us talking, and would send smiles across the hearth that made a perfect sunshine there. She would never allow anyone to try to tell her what was being said, and would without hesitation obey George's signs to go or come; she was the best talker and the best reader I ever met. I wondered over her happiness, and was told she had found patience. George was blind. If I talked with him, I saw her; but then again Deborah was a cripple. She could get about the house with her crutch, and holding on to pieces of furniture, but she could never take a step out-doors without the blind man's strong arm to lean upon. Sixty years they had been all in all to each other, and rejoiced that they could be so still. Old George plaited straws, while Deborah read. George recited verses; Deborah collected new pieces for him to learn, and taught them to him. They were not very poor, generally kept a servant. They were the advisers, the friends, every way, of everybody; "The happiest people I ever knew!" I said to the priest, with wonder.

"Few have so practised patience," he said.

My child thoughts came back. "They are too happy," I said, "*for patience.*"

He almost laughed. "What, criticize the reward? First, *endurance*, then *willingness*, then *cheerfulness*; those are the steps to that state to which *giving thanks* belongs."

So I went away, feeling that though I might have seen patience often before, I was now seeing daily its approach to its perfection. Soon George died, and how people pitied Deborah!

"My dear," she said to me, "I know that folks are kind, but I am not sorry I cannot hear them. George gave up his sight, like a gift, to God, and now I can't help being glad that he can see."

In a year I was by Deborah's death-bed. A stiff and silent death-bed it was to her. She could not move without help, nor hear one consoling word. "I am sorry for you," she said to us; "God will reward the sympathy I see on your dear faces. But who ever deserved to hear the voice of God's priest? Is it not enough to know that he has spoken? Don't be fretted; my heart has knowledge of a quicker sort than ever came by human ears. And then I love too well what God gives to part even with what you fancy is a cross."

And so she died. And patience ever since, to my fancy, has worn a look of tender triumph, and has stepped on her way lightly, with a glad face of love.—*Métropolitain.*

Roll of Honor.

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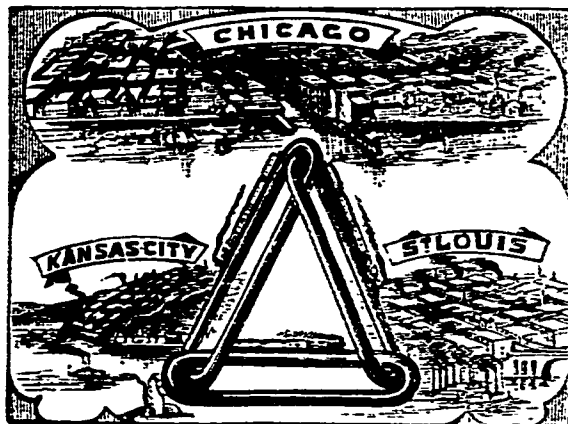
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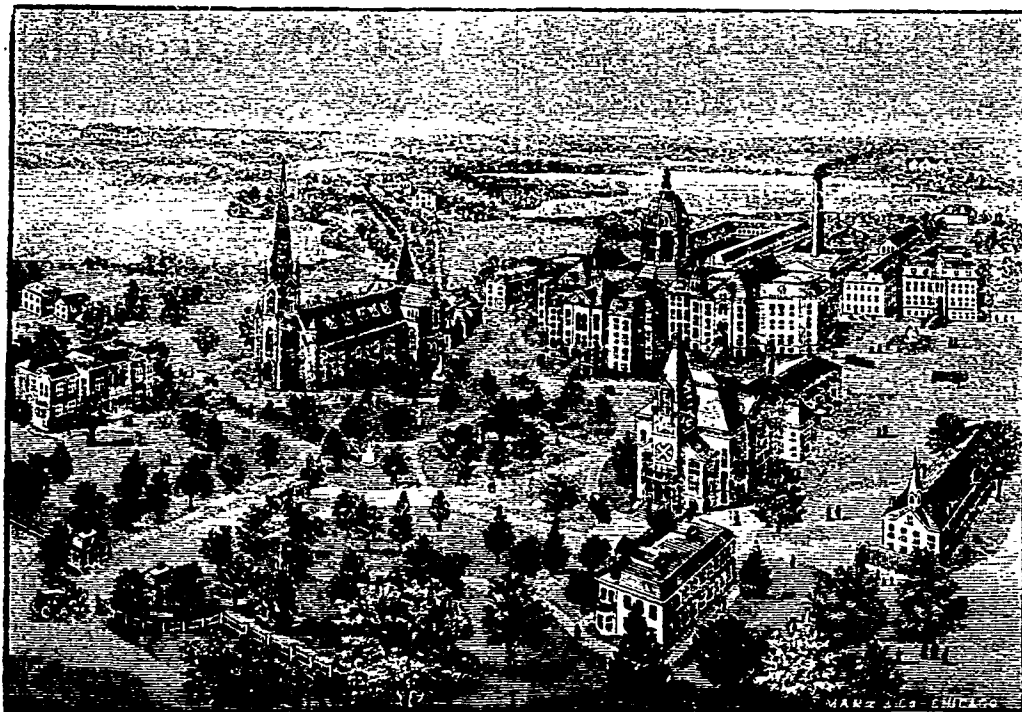
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11.23 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 3.55 a.m.

9.10 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.

12.20 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line arrives at Toledo, 5.40 p.m. Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo 3.55 a.m.

6.21 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10.28 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.35 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.05 a.m.

GOING WEST:

2.32 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3.25 a.m. Chicago, 5.50 a.m.

5.07 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.55 a.m. Chicago, 8.00 a.m.

8.05 a.m. Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte, 9.07 a.m. Chesterton, 9.57 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.

1.30 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.30 p.m.; Chesterton, 3.15 p.m.; Chicago, 4.40 p.m.

4.35 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.22 p.m.; Chicago, 7.40 p.m.

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